

# Public Ledger

DAILY—EXCEPT SUNDAY, FOURTH OF JULY, THANKSGIVING, AND CHRISTMAS.

A. F. CURRAN, Editor and Owner.

OFFICE—PUBLIC LEDGER BUILDING, MAYSVILLE, KY.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS—BY MAIL.

One Year.....\$3.00  
Six Months.....1.50  
Three Months......75

## DELIVERED BY CARRIER.

Per Month.....35 Cents  
Payable to Collector at end of Month.

ELEVEN railroads for the fourth week of April show an average net increase of 25.92 per cent.

A Missouri Editor says a dollar will not go as far as it would ten years ago. If we remember rightly, about ten years ago some of us were wondering where our next dollar was coming from.—*Washington Post.*

PROTECTIONISTS do not deny that panics may occur under protection. Their contention is that protection to American industries is a good thing for the United States and that disaster will follow, as it did follow, any radical reversal of that policy.

ACCORDING to the latest estimates of the Census Office, the population of the United States in 1904 was 81,732,000. Since the war period, the increase per decade has been 22 per cent.; at which rate, assuming it to be maintained, we shall have, at the end of another generation, or say in the year 1940, a round total of about 170,000,000, or approximately double our present number of inhabitants.

Two years ago, Edward F. Dunne was elected Mayor of Chicago on the issue of immediate assumption by the city of the ownership and operation of street railroads, by 24,518 majority. In the recent election he was defeated on the same issue by F. A. Busse, the Republican candidate, by about 13,000 plurality. A gratifying feature of the result is the falling off 10,000 in the independent Socialist vote.

THE present Protective Tariff is so consistent that it not only a jewel, but a jewel of the first water. As such jewel it should be carefully preserved by every voter who benefits directly or indirectly by reason of its consistency.

GREENUP, with two Republican papers, a United States Senator, a Congressman and the only MILT STEVENS, is certainly envied by all the towns round about. Grayson has its Judge HUBBARD, however, and is content.—*Grayson Tribune.*

MANY teachers and trustees of the Fayette county and Lexington-city schools have taken advantage of the opportunity offered by the Civic League to beautify the school premises and buildings by planting flower and garden seeds furnished by the league. The example is worthy of emulation and the school buildings and grounds in Maysville and Mason county, should reflect the culture which dominates the interior of our temples of education. A thing of beauty is a delight to the eye and a joy forever, but a treeless, barren waste is a vapid monstrosity and should have no place in our hearts, our homes and our public institutions. Our own Hayswood School is a fair example of quiet beauty combined with the natural and the simple artistic which is pleasing to look upon.



## WHAT SHE TOLD HIM

Senator Dewey once raised a great laugh at a London banquet by quoting the following poem as coming from Leslie M. Shaw's pen!

"Go ask papa," the maiden said,  
He knew that her papa was dead.  
He also knew the life he'd led  
And understood her when she said,  
"Go ask papa."

Englishmen are said to be slow in seeing a joke, but even they caught on to the girl's polite method of telling an unwelcome suitor to go to the infernal regions.

I will have for sale a lot of Broke and Unbroke Mares, Monday, Court Day, May 6th, at Coughlin's Stable, suitable for breeding and working.  
JOHN MCGREGOR.

## Sheep Dipping Days

Are here. When you dip use something that will be thorough as a parasite and at the same time harmless to the sheep. Such a dip is our

## Kreso Dip

It is superior in every way to dips made from copperas, chloride of lime, carbolic acid, lime and sulphur or tobacco. It stimulates the skin and promotes growth of wool. Kreso Dip comes in highly concentrated form and is to be diluted—1 part Kreso Dip to 75 or 100 parts water. We have it in 1 gallon cans. Price, \$1.25 gallon.

THOS. J. CHENOWETH,  
DRUGGIST,  
CORNER SECOND AND BOSTON STREETS  
MAYSVILLE, KY.

## All Kinds of Money

Mason county people made all kinds of money last summer. They never were so prosperous as they are today.  
If your goods and prices are right they will spend money with you. You can reach them through THE DAILY LEDGER. Try it!

## WE ARE GOING TO SELL THEM!

We refer to an express load of Shirts sent us yesterday. We ordered a few numbers, but the shipping clerk made a mistake and in place of sending us one of each size sent us one dozen of each size. We telegraphed the house that we can use them at 85% discount. The answer came, yes. Here they are:  
10 dozen nice quality Waists, made to sell at 75c each, reduced to 45c.  
10 dozen short sleeve Waists, nice quality, 50c.  
5 dozen beautiful quality Waists 80c.  
5 dozen very fine Waists, short sleeves, lace yoke, made to sell at \$1.50, reduced to 90c.  
10 dozen Waists, assorted, fine lace and front embroidered work, worth no less than \$2, \$2.50 and \$3, reduced to \$1.25, \$1.49, \$1.59, \$1.89.  
We have been too busy to make window display, so come in and look at them.

## HATS.

Just in, the new Sailors. Prices 25c, 50c and 75c. In black and white. Also, a new line of Baby Caps in muslin and silk. Price 15c up to 60c. Splendid values.  
New Ready-to-Wear and Dress Hats way below what you pay for them at other stores. Convince yourself by looking.

## SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!

Ladies' Shoes, Children's Shoes, Boys' Shoes, all new, this season's goods. See window display.  
Ladies' fine Low Shoes 80c, \$1.25, \$1.49, \$1.60; splendid values.  
Baby soft-sole Shoes, all colors, 50c.

## DRESS GOODS.

You make a great mistake not looking at our line, as we show a splendid line and prices way below others.

## SPECIALS.

Best Ladies' Vests in town 10c. Best Ladies' Hose in town 10c. Long, black Lisle Gloves 50c; hard to find at any price. Best long, Silk Gloves \$1.30, worth \$1.98. Best Ingrain Carpets 20c and 25c. Good quality Calico 5c. Bleached Table Linens 24c and 40c. The new Purges to hang on belt 34c. New Belts and Combs 25c. Fine Comb Sets 25c. Large Huck Towels 5c and 10c. A lot of Shoes 40c a pair.

New York Store F. HAYS, S. STRAUS, Proprietors.

## Lovel's Specials

In First-Class, Seasonable Goods.

1 can First Pick Corn.....	5c	2 lbs Layer Figs.....	15c
2 cans Van Camp's Extra Corn.....	15c	2 lbs Cleaned Currants.....	15c
2 cans Pride of Bloomington Corn 15c		3 lbs Loose Raisins.....	25c
2 cans Van Camp's 3lb Pumpkin.....	15c	3 lbs Best Prunes.....	25c
2 cans " " String Beans 15c		10 lbs Best old-time Buckwheat	
2 cans " " Marrow.....	15c	Flour.....	80c
2 cans Van Camp's 2 1/2 lbs Lima Beans 15c		1 can best Tomatoes in town, hand	
3 lbs best Evaporated Apples.....	25c	picked.....	10c
8 bars Lenox Soap.....	25c	1 gallon fancy hand-picked Navy	
		Beans.....	25c

The Above Prices Are CASH.

Another big shipment of Perfection Flour coming. It is always reliable. Fresh Roasted Coffee coming in each week. Always fresh. Can't equal them for the prices anywhere.

## D. M. Ferry & Co.'s Famous Garden Seeds!

Always reliable. For sale by the ounce, pound or bushel. Northern grown Seed Potatoes of all kinds; also, Onion Sets, white and red. All kinds of Fruits and Vegetables in season. Butter, Eggs and Country Produce of all kinds wanted.

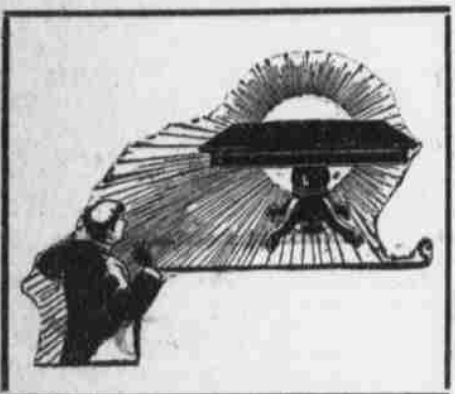
R. B. LOVEL,

THE LEADING GROCER,

Wholesale and Retail.

Telephone 83.

## My Friend, You Look Surprised!



And so you will be if your two eyes ever rest upon the beautiful designs in a card of Extension Tables that we have just received. The prices upon these Extension Tables will be remembered long after you have recovered from your surprise. This particular feast of bargains is unusual, even in this great house of bargains. We have intentionally made it so. Very appropriate, you know. A fine dining table for a feast—a feast of bargains in this card! The styles are varied—pretty Chippendale effects with large size tops, massive Colonial styles with wide tops, beautiful round tops with with the bezel look pedestal in beautifully marked, selected quarter sawed oak. A wide range of price, from

\$6

Up to \$35. We are certain to please you in quality and price.

We Are Happiest When Tendering Surprises of This Kind to Our Friends.

WINTERS

Maysville, Ky.

## MONTHLY MISERY

is one of woman's worst afflictions. It always leaves you weaker, and is sure to shorten your life and make your beauty fade. To stop pain take Wine of Cardui and it will help to relieve your misery, regulate your functions, make you well, beautiful and strong. It is a reliable remedy for dragging down pains, backache, headache, nervousness, irritability, sleeplessness, dizziness, fainting spells, and similar troubles. A safe and efficient medicine for all women's pains and sickness.

Mrs. J. L. Broadhead of Clanton, Ala. writes: "I have used Cardui for my disease, which was one peculiar to women, and it has completely cured me."

AT ALL DRUG STORES, IN \$1.00 BOTTLES

## WRITE US A LETTER

describing fully all your symptoms and we will send you Free Advice in plain sealed envelope. Ladies' Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn. 210

## WINE OF CARDUI

Speaker Joe G. Cannon was born in North Carolina, May 7, 1836, and was 71 years old Tuesday.

The latest snowstorm ever known in Minnesota struck Minneapolis Tuesday and the weather was biting cold.

Mrs. Nancy E. Curtis, the venerable aunt of Mr. Elmer Dodson, is in a very feeble condition at her home in East Second street.

The Somerset people are working for a \$200,000 bond issue looking to the improvement of roads in Pulaski county.

Rev. J. M. Weaver, D. D., pastor of the Chestnut Baptist Church, Louisville, celebrated the 43d year of his pastorate Monday.

The Bellevue Board of Education has decided to charge an admission fee of 25 cents to the High School commencement exercises.

## SO DA

Water every day. Fountain going from early morn till late at night. Every flavor that is good, served with or without ICE CREAM. Drink here, 'midst appropriate surroundings and at your leisure.

TRAXEL'S

## A Splendid Studio—All but the View

Wearily the girl climbed the long, dirty flight of stairs. It made the twenty-third flight that she had mounted that day, and her back ached and her brain was dizzy and her heart was sick.

"Verily," she sighed, "they charge more for a hole in the ceiling than for a whole house."

For the girl was looking for a skylight studio knows that the Pilgrim's Progress or the hunt for the Golden Fleece was a mere summer's pastime beside such a task.

The janitress flung open the door of the back room and the girl's eyes danced with joy. Here it was at last, just what she had been looking for. A big, bright room, long enough to swing a Mexican hammock across, with a large old-fashioned fireplace on one side and a beautiful skylight in its ceiling, through which the northern light shined clear and white.

"O, joy! O, happiness!" exclaimed the girl, running to the huge old-fashioned windows and flinging them up—and then she stopped short; for the sight that met her gaze fell like a blow upon the artistic temperament, to say nothing of the human eye. Line after line of common, everyday washing stretched in an unending vista before her horrified gaze, and above and behind the snow of dripping garments loomed the hideous rear wall of an ugly tenement. The girl stood still and reflected for a moment.

"I knew," she murmured, "there must be something the matter with it at that price." Then her eye wandered back to the skylight and the fireplace—and she fell.

"O, well, they only wash on Mondays," she decided, as she signed the lease.

But to her consternation she discovered a week later that people who live in tenements wash every day—judging by the fresh productions daily. Each morning the girl arose to face a line of vermilion blankets, or a row of baby frocks.

Her soul shrank at the thought of inviting a friend to view this hideous background and gradually her inspiration became dulled. The pictures in her brain resolved themselves into overalls and cotton sheets. Then a great idea came to her and she hid herself to a shop where they sell a wonderful transparent paper which you paste on your window giving it the effect of stained glass. Gayly she hurried home with a St. Cecilia window in one hand and a Rembrandt in the other. The result was glorious.

She worked all that evening, and the next morning when she opened her eyes the sun was sifting through in pink and yellow rays and instead of the horrible tenement "wash" St. Cecilia and the Rembrandt figure smiled upon her encouragingly. Then she bought some pale yellow silk and hung it in simple folds across the upper panes of her windows. Over this and falling to the floor at either side she draped soft rich curtains; and on top of the whole she had thick green shades adjusted.

"Now," she declared defiantly, "not even Peeping Tom could see through that!" And then she invited her entire coterie of friends to her housewarming.

They came to see and remained to envy. Never, they declared, had there been such a gem of a studio, such an ideal place in which to dream and work and make merry. How had the girl found it? And how could she afford it?

The girl chuckled to herself and shrugged her shoulders nonchalantly. It was a great hour of triumph. A wealthy connoisseur was present, also a rich woman, who might possibly order a portrait. The tea-kettle bubbled merrily and the pink and yellow lights filled the place with mystic beauty.

The girl lifted the old silver teapot to pour the wealthy connoisseur a second cup. Suddenly the harsh jangle of a fire engine rang out on the air. Everybody sat up and listened. Nearer and nearer came the clanging bell. The studio babbled stopped. It seemed that the engine stopped almost under the girl's window. There was a moment of excited hubbub. The wealthy connoisseur rushed over and flung open a window and craned his neck. The girl sank weak and helpless on a divan.

"What is it? Where is it?" cried the excited guests, crowding toward the open pane.

"It's a snowstorm, not a fire," remarked the wealthy connoisseur, drawing his head in. "It's been snowing pajamas, I think."

And the fire, half a block away, was forgotten as the disillusioned guests gazed blankly upon the unending rows of McGrady flannels and Blumstein nightgowns.

Next morning as the girl awoke it seemed as though St. Cecilia grinned at her maliciously and the Rembrandt person actually leered.

Once more the big studio is for rent, and the girl is ensconced in a tiny box of a room with one window that opens on Washington square. Her knees and sides are bruised from bumping against her furniture in this two-by-four compartment and her hammock sits disconsolately in a corner, but her artistic temperament is recovering and has begun to sit up and take notice.

Finland has never had a thunderstorm.

## Farmer's Resort to Shotgun Not Astonishing Under Circumstances.

The farmer sat on the top rail of his stake-and-rider fence with his sawed off shotgun across his boney knees.

"Layin' for crows?" queried the Weary Willie who came limping up the dusty highway.

"Nope," the farmer gruffly answered. "I'm layin' fer b'loons. See that sign?"

The wayfarer saw the sign. It was rudely lettered with white chalk on a blackboard. He read it aloud:

All b'loonists is warned that these is private groun's. Any b'loonists trespassin' on these premises will be give the full penalty of the law."

"Understandable, ain't it?" the farmer asked.

"Couldn't be plainer," said the wayfarer. "Been annoyin' you, have they?"

"Annoyin' is mild," returned the farmer. "The first one of 'em dropped in the middle of my onean bed. I'll admit I wuz rather tickled to see him an' didn't say nothin' 'bout damages. Second feller tipped over seven of my bee hives an' ripped the roof off the corn crib. I was too dern busy dogin' bees to put in any bill an' afore I could look 'round—both eyes bein' pretty nigh stung shut—the feller was a-sailin' over Plum creek. The last chap didn't come clear down, but he dropped his blamed anchor, an' somehow it caught in my melon vines an' away he flew with 27 of the finest an' ripest melons you ever see a-danglin' at the end of his consarned old drag rope. Then I writ that warnin' over there an' loaded the gun, an' the fust arrynot that flies low enough I'll blow his old gas bag full of holes ez sure ez my name's Lige-Hawkins!"

"Good enough," said the wayfarer.

## Absent-Minded Prize.

"I've met the most absent-minded man at last," said the man who is always looking for freaks. "I thought I'd found him in the college professor who, when he went up stairs to dress for dinner, would absent-mindedly go to bed instead. But that fellow was displaced by a young writer who would put his foot up in a chair to tie his shoe, and then forgetting what he did it for, would put the other foot up in the chair and stand up in it. Then I met a woman who confessed to looking absent-mindedly in the back of her hair brush instead of her hand mirror when she wanted to see the back of her head, and I thought she had gone the writer one better. But I've met the king of the absent-minded world now. He is a young minister, and every once in a while he waits patiently half an hour for a car in a street on which no cars run. He has confessed it, but every once in a while he does the trick right over again."